The Sketch

No. 2550—Vol. CXCVI. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

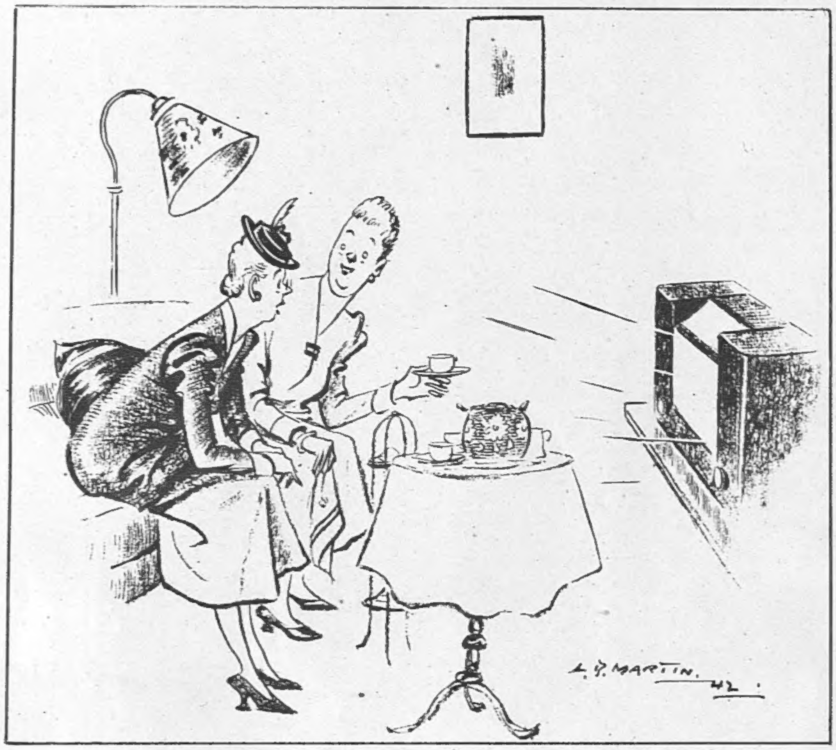
POCKET EDITION OF THE PREMIER WITH HIS MOTHER.

With a walk and poise quite ridiculously like his grandfather, the Premier, little WINSTON CHURCHILL *marches by the side of his mother,* MRS. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, *wife of the Premier's only son. Little twenty-months-old looks as if he could face up to things, and he is a first-rate specimen of those children for whose future we are battling. When the camera-man spotted him, Winston II. was in London on a visit to his mother, who works in the W.V.S.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

How Not to Hate. To the relief of all sensible persons, official disapproval has been expressed of violent language and of synthetic hatred in the training of our troops. As for the former, I am not in a position, sinner that I am, to condemn it too self-righteously; but I was brought up to believe, and the belief was confirmed by observation, that any officer or N.C.O. who had to resort to lurid language on parade was almost invariably a weak man posing as a strong one—and he deceived nobody. As for manufactured fury, this is what the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces says: "The attempt to produce a blood-lust or hate during training . . . is foreign to our British temperament, and any attempt to produce it by artificial stimulus is bound to fail, as it did in the last war." Many of us remember a certain peripatetic officer in the last war who attempted to brighten our bayonet exercises by rantings about "sweet, juicy blood" and by other forms of "stimulus" which I hesitate to record in print. I never saw anything but disgust on the faces of the British soldiers who had to listen to him.



"He speaks as though he's got a plum in his mouth."
"Yes. I'd like to know where he gets his plums!"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Making Faces. There will be those, no doubt, who will interpret this repudiation as another example of our "softness." They are of that school which desires perpetually to lash us to frenzy. Their method is the Oriental one of making faces at your enemy. As if mouthing and gibbering were necessary in face of the peril which threatens us! One of the most detestable things about the last decade of Nazi philosophy—and one of the things which most surely spells its own doom—is that it has always fed on hatred. Hitler has got his popular following largely by setting up one object of hatred after another; for it is a sad reflection on human nature that you have only to shout blue murder loud enough, and you can always get a crowd to follow you. This is how the frustrated personalities, whose name, unhappily, is legion among mankind, work off their grudges and grievances. We shall add nothing to the strength of our convictions or of our arms by sinking to that level. I always observed in the last war that it was the non-combatants, not the fighting men, who did the hysterical hating.

Account to be Rendered. There is little fear of "softness" either now or when it comes to settling accounts. It is difficult to justify revenge on any reasonable ground; at the best it is, as old Bacon said, "a kind of wild justice"; but he added, "which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out." Apart from moral considerations, there is the practical question whether mere vengeance ever pays. But I am afraid that a day will come when any promptings of sweet reasonableness will stand a poor chance before the powerful urge of "wild justice." If there is any German who can calculate calmly the amount of pent-up hatred which is being accumulated against the oppressor, that unhappy man must tremble for his race. It is certain that such forces can no more remain permanently pent up than the fires of a volcano. And yet these apostles of hatred cannot understand why, when they offer Soothing Syrup in one hand and Prussic (how Prussic!) Acid in the other, nobody loves them!

Ordeal by Jig-saw. Another misunderstood person whom nobody seems to love is the legislator.

"I love my fellow-creatures, I do all the good I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man!"

Mr. A. P. Herbert, with his own peculiar blend of honey and vinegar, has been scarifying those statutes—now not only numerous, but almost common form—in which "the whole structure is designed in the fashion of the cross-word puzzle." Jig-saw puzzle would perhaps be more accurate; you have to collect the pieces "by reference" from a variety of amendments in different enactments, and then try to put them together in the pattern of an intelligible text. There is no more maddening form of composition in the English or any other language. Had I space, I could quote, for Mr. Herbert's edification, some charming examples from Statutory Rules and Orders, which are even worse in this respect than statutes. And Acts of Parliament are not the only offenders. There is not an officer or a Government clerk in the country who does not tear his hair over that detestable form of Order or Regulation which runs: "Ref. Instruction No. BMF/NBG/9999 dated ....In line 3, for 'shall' substitute 'shall not,' and thereafter insert 'not' after 'shall' wherever it occurs." Adjutants, and other strong men, have been known to weep like babes over these tortures.

"And what happened after you heard the swishing noise, dear?"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

The Letter Killeth. At the same time, I am glad to see that certain learned persons have come to the defence of the execrated Parliamentary draftsman. Like the policeman, he is "only doing his duty"; being an anonymous Civil Servant, he can never defend himself; and very few people have any idea of the difficulties which confront him. It is not his fault that our rules of statutory interpretation form (I do not hesitate to assert) one of the most unscientific and inconsistent branches of our law. (The reason is historical, and cannot be discussed here.) It is not his fault that, in the light of innumerable precedents of interpretation, every word is a pitfall and that he cannot use plain language even when he wants to—any more than a solicitor can use sensible terminology in a will without the certainty of defeating his client's intention.

Don't Shoot the Pianist! Nor is it his fault that some judges, when faced with an ambiguity in a statute, will say, "Well, let us at least try to make sense of the thing"; while others will mutter grimly, "This is absurd, but it is Parliament's fault, not ours—so let us make it as unreasonable as possible, and let Parliament bear the odium." No human being knows which of these views a court will take. Nor can we hold the draftsman responsible for amendments in Committee, which sometimes make nonsense of his most carefully considered phraseology. No!—much as I have protested in my time against Jig-saw Legislation, I would, in fairness, say that even a draftsman had a mother, and he may be, for all you know, a most respected sidesman.

Vicious Circle. A recent criminal prosecution makes it quite clear (as I have long suspected) that charity does not begin at home, but in other people's homes. As exploitation of generosity is always particularly odious, I do not wish to dwell on the personal aspects of this case, but it has been very revealing in certain other of its lessons. I know now why I receive not only so many moving appeals to my compassion, but so many pamphlets from wholly unknown persons on every conceivable and inconceivable subject. I have always wondered how these philanthropists and prophets got hold of my name; it now appears that you can buy a list of "suitable" persons for vicious circularisation on any matter whatsoever. What worries me is that I appear to have got on to the "crank" list; otherwise I cannot imagine why I am favoured with so many cast-iron schemes for the permanent settlement of all human affairs. My waste-paper basket is a yawning Pit of Panaceas, and I shall have the less hesitation in future in feeding it. What remains a totally unexplained mystery is how all these people get the paper for scattering their "appeals" and crazes.

Noble Mind O'erthrown. Another prosecution must have been noted with pain by many people; all that needs to be said of it is that it presented the unhappy picture of a brave man in disgrace. Cases like this raise what has always been to me a most puzzling moral problem. I suppose because nature has designed us as animals, we all instinctively admire and envy animal courage almost beyond any other quality. There are few men who would not value a V.C. above any other honour which could be offered to them. Dr. Johnson observed that if Plato and Charles the Bold of Sweden were to enter a room together, saying "Follow me!", no normal man would hesitate to follow the soldier. And yet I am sorry to record that some of the

"Tut, tut, Higgenbottom, Lady Hamilton was never a Wren!"
DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

most *fearless* men (I use the adjective advisedly) I have known have also been some of the worst human beings I have ever met. I remember one man during the last war who made a great and deserved reputation by his astounding feats of daring; but I knew him in private life, and, so far as I could ever discover, he had no other virtue whatever, not even loyalty. He died, a shunned and hated man, in misery and disgrace.

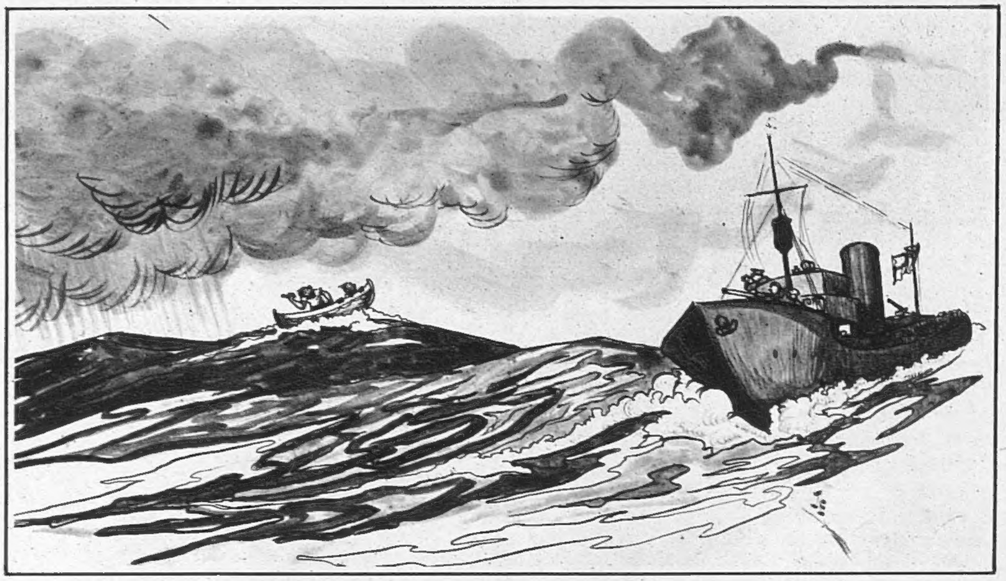
"You blokes in the 'Subs' are O.K. You can 'ide under the surface when things get too 'ot."
DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

A Thousand Deaths. This is disturbing to moral values; but is there, perhaps, a difference between fearlessness and courage? I have never quite grasped the distinction between physical courage and moral courage. All true courage is really a moral quality, and it nearly always consists in the conquest of fear. It is all very well to say that the coward dies a thousand deaths, but the man who can die all those deaths and still live and fight by sheer force of will is your true hero. I suppose the Pathan or the Japanese who rejoices to meet death half-way is, in a sense, a very brave man, but there is little merit in his bravery when it is merely a method, so to speak, of gate-crashing Paradise. However, we all hate fear, and it is disturbing to find that a person whom we enormously admire in one respect is one whom we despise in all others. The hero-blackguard—or, to put it more mildly, the man strong in one part of his nature and weak in all others—has existed in all ages and has always been a puzzle to his fellow-countrymen. Well, those of us who are not heroes perhaps have the compensation that we are in the less danger of being cads!

Ban the Can! "And what we can't, we can"—'tis in the category of what *The Times* calls the Old and True. The United States has led the world in canning both what it can and what it can't, and in my opinion it has done so with remarkable success. There was a time when the "can't" ingredients caused a little fuss (*vide* that famous "Jungle" of Upton Sinclair), but all that was changed long

[Continued overleaf.

ago, and the varieties of excellent food (even unto fifty-seven times fifty-seven) which you could get by the simple means of a tin-opener has been almost an embarrassment of riches. Not the least popular product has been the humble, nourishing bean. And now the bean can't be canned; the bean, in fact, is a has-bean. The Secretary of Agriculture in the United States wants the tin for tanks, and you can



THUMBING-UP TO DATE!

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

judge the former glory of the tinned bean when I tell you (on his authority) that by his ban on cans he will release enough steel for three thousand thirty-ton tanks per annum. Now, who would ever have thought that a little harmless bean could monopolise as much metal as that! At this rate we could build an entire fleet out of sardine-tins! Unfortunately, however, you can grow your own beans, whereas you can't grow your own sardines; and so we are allowed, through our mad craving for sardines, to cripple the war effort. Is that right? I think it needs looking into. Let's have a White Paper about it! Why not? There may be a scarcity of brown paper, but at least there is no dearth of White Papers!

THE WASTE-PAPER DRIVE.

Miss Papersaver says, a little ungrammatically: "If everyone saved one bus ticket a day, it would make 12,000 2-pounder shell-cases." That is something to work for, as you save all your odd scraps of paper for the Salvage Man—a goal to aim at. Do not let the smallest scrap escape your vigilance—it all means MUNITIONS. And during May, June and July a further incentive has been added—the £10,000 Waste Paper Drive inaugurated by the Waste Paper Recovery Association, for the benefit of local charities, through borough, urban and council areas. Go, then, to it with all your energy!

Reading, Riting and Roosevelt.

If there are too many cans in the United States so there are, it seems, too many illiterates, and the President is surprised and shockd at the number. Illiterates in a country with a thousand universities and colleges! It is disappointing, but I am not so surprised as Mr. Roosevelt. It all depends on what you mean by illiteracy. I have known products of our Public Schools who were illiterate in the sense that they could not construct two grammatical and intelligible sentences in their own language, though they could probably do a little better than that in Latin. It was once said unkindly by one Distinguished Statesman of another Distinguished Statesman: "I think So-and-So *can* read and write, but I am sure he never *does*." How does our own highly educated country, which at least is without the problem of ten million negroes, stand in this matter? I have made extensive researches into this subject—in other words, I have just looked up Whitaker. I find the figures for about a dozen different countries, but nothing for G.B. or U.S.A. For the first time the oracle has failed me, and it is a severe shock!

"If you behaved like that at 'ome, your ashes would be sent to yer relatives in a cardboard box, after the chemicals 'ad bin removed—if any!"

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

Requiescat?

Exit Heydrich, and a Lord High Executioner—nay, a Protector!—has gone to his heavy account. You will find the epitaph upon him in "Richard III.," Act V., Sc. IV., l. 15. I don't think the well-brought-up sub-editor would let me print it, but look it up for yourselves. Did visions and ghosts rise before him, as before that less debonair assassin? And I am tempted to wonder if his last words were: "*Après moi le Deluege*"?

This A.-A. BRIGADE *has a Welsh Rugger "National" among its personnel. Hence the design. Brigadier J. M. Smith, its chief, plays a referee's part in the cartoon.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

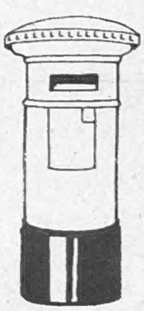
The thirty-ninth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"REMEMBER, YOU'RE IN THE GUARDS! SO MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELVES——NOT *YOU*, MISS!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Faith has been home on leave, and the Conductor is his old self again. She arrived looking blooming. Whatever it is that she does with the Waafs, it seems to suit her.

She came up to our house the evening she arrived, looking prettier than ever. "Darling Henrietta," she said with a dazzling smile, "I 'm absolutely on the verge of a *complete* breakdown."

"You don't look like it, Faith," I said.

"Oh, but I am," she said, opening her blue eyes very wide. "I 've *simply* come down here to consult darling Charles about my health."

"Nothing would delight me more," said Charles, who came into the room just in time to hear this remark.

"Charles!" cried Faith, and flew into his arms.

A lot of my friends fly into Charles's arms. People ask me sometimes if I mind, but as a matter of fact I take a sort of pride in it, and the patient, St. Bernard-like expression he puts on over the top of their heads is always reassuring.

"Faith flew into his arms."

Faith generally provides us with some sort of thrill when she is here. This time she achieved a really tremendous success by playing in a croquet tournament. She 's no good at croquet, of course, and hitherto her only attempts have been a few desultory games on vicarage lawns; but there happened to be a croquet tournament while she was on leave, and Faith likes to be in the fashion wherever she is. She told everybody that darling Charles had told her to play for the good of her nerves. When I asked Charles if this were true, he smiled and said he thought the place needed cheering up a bit, so I suppose we really have to thank him for the biggest social excitement of the war.

"Making a sensation on a croquet lawn is one of the easiest things in the world."

Lady B. said that making a sensation on a croquet lawn is one of the easiest things in the world, and that even Henrietta, if she liked to smarten herself up a bit, might provide a flicker of interest. But the fact remains that Faith had a stupendous success. The weather was lovely; Faith was looking her best, and every day she appeared in a new creation. When people exclaimed, she said, "What! This old rag? I 've had it for years and years," and people gathered round to watch her miss sitters.

Once or twice she missed the ball altogether, amid loud expressions of sympathy from the onlookers, but in spite of this she got through two rounds. Her first opponent was Colonel Simpkins, who naturally just couldn't bear to see her lose; and the second was a quiet lady visitor of unobtrusive appearance, who was so put off by Faith's clothes and the barracking that she lost her nerve and couldn't do a thing.

Flushed with success, Faith now says she is going to take up croquet really seriously when the war is over, so, of course, the Conductor is already immersed in the game, and they say he is in a fair way to becoming a good player. The new interest has helped him to bear the parting with Faith more bravely than he usually does, besides keeping him in the open air, and everybody is agreed that Faith's croquet career is a thing to be encouraged.

The last barber in the place has been called up. When this disaster occurred all men mounted the bus and journeyed to a neighbouring town where, unaccountably, there are three barbers still snipping merrily. But Charles never has time for junketings of this kind, and after a week or two he began to look very peculiar.

"Charles, what *are* you going to do about your hair?"

"I shall let it grow very, very long, and look like Mr. Lloyd George."

"But you won't look like Mr. Lloyd George. You 'll look like Charles Browne whose hair wants cutting."

"Don't nag, Henrietta."

"Would you let me try and cut it, Charles?"

"God forbid!" he said in a shocked voice.

Days passed, and Charles's appearance became wilder and wilder. Several of his patients complained that it depressed them to see him walking into their bedrooms, but when the Simpkinses' little grandchild, Josephine, hitherto one of Charles's most fervent admirers, burst into tears at the sight of him, he came home and said brokenly, "Very well, Henrietta," and stood with bowed head before me.

I spread a sheet on the floor and tucked another one into Charles's collar. Then I put a pudding-basin on his head.

"Barbers never put pudding-basins on our heads," he said.

"Don't make me nervous, Charles."

"I don't want to make you nervous, Henrietta—I was just telling you," said Charles in a small, meek voice.

I got my best cutting-out scissors and began snipping. "You 're snipping the air," said Charles.

"Barbers always do it," I said. Then I leant forward and with great care cut off the extreme tips of three hairs on Charles's neck.

"You 're breathing on me!" cried Charles wildly, and the pudding-basin fell off his head.

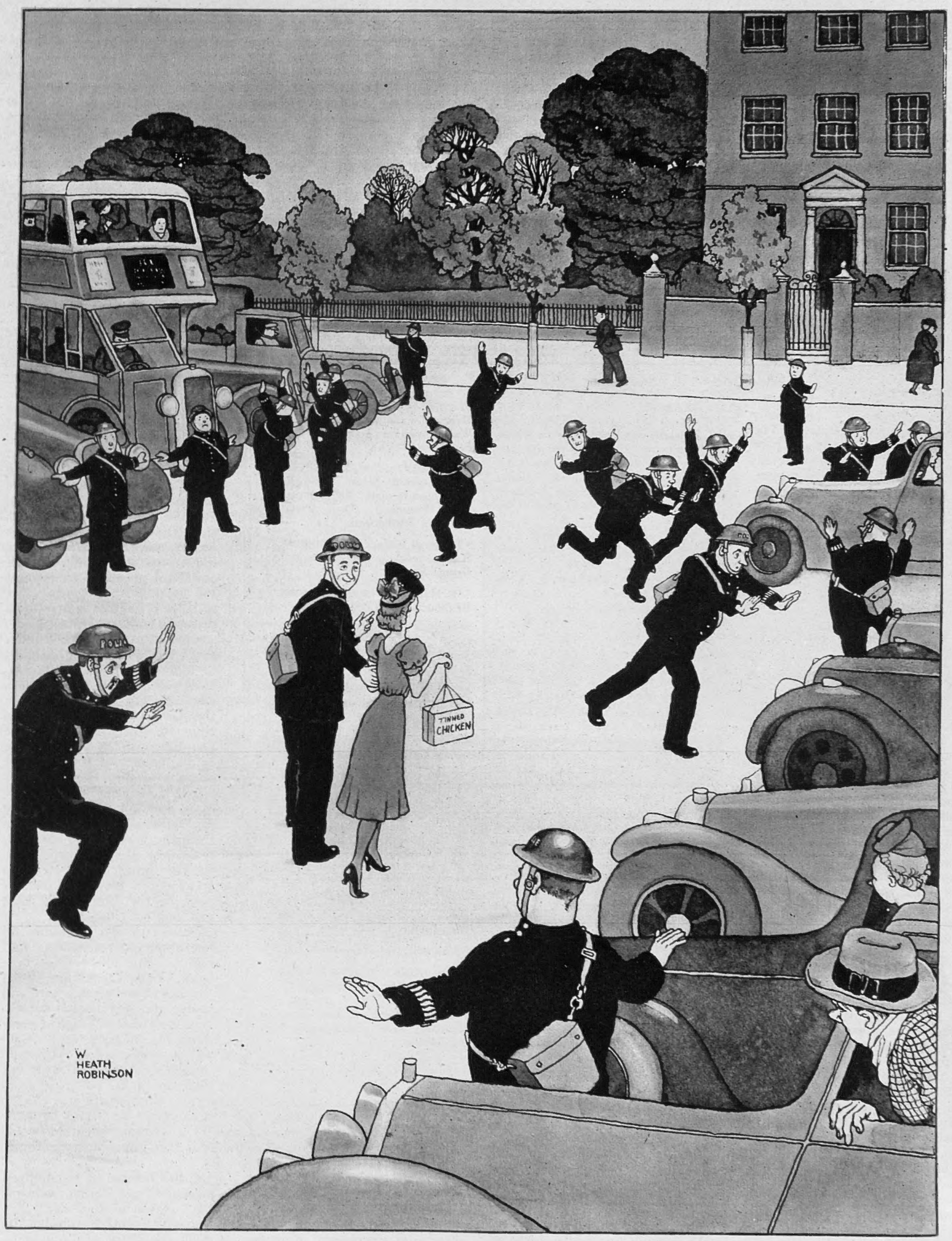
"How can I do it if you fidget?" I shouted angrily.

"Quite a Barber's Shop," said Evensong, coming in with the lunch. "Here, give me those scissors." She put down her tray and took the scissors and comb out of my hands, and in about three minutes Charles was his own neat self. We stared at her in astonishment. Evensong often surprises us, but this was her star turn. It appears that she cut hair in the last war. Charles was so pleased that he tipped her half a crown.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

". . . cut off the extreme tips of three hairs."



"THE SKETCH" BRAINS TRUST—NO. 2.

Miss. Gladys Pipchin of Tooting Bec asks: **"WHEN CAN A CHICKEN CROSS THE ROAD IN PERFECT SAFETY?"** *and our Resident Member, W. Heath Robinson, rises lucidly to the occasion. . . . Questions from our readers will be welcomed, though we cannot guarantee to answer more than one question per issue.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THERE is one thing to be said about Alexander Korda—there is no monotony about the type of films he gives us. I doubt if there is any producer — there is certainly no British producer—who has been personally responsible for so many big and successful films of so varied and imaginative a nature. He has the real showman's flair for ringing the changes on his material. Since he went to Hollywood he has sent us five pictures—each a hit in its entirely different sphere of fiction; after "The Thief of Bagdad," "Lady Hamilton"; after "Lady Hamilton," the gentle, nostalgic "Lydia"; after "Lydia" the mordant "To Be or Not To Be"; and now "The Jungle Book."

"JUNGLE BOOK" (Gaumont) is a Korda family affair. Alex Korda produced it, brother Vincent designed the sets, brother Zoltan, who made "Sanders of the River," "The Four Feathers," and much of "Elephant Boy," directed. Sabu, now very nearly a man, is the star of the picture—himself an Indian, and the inevitable choice for Mowgli. In fact, you feel that if Kipling hadn't happened to have written "The Jungle Book" already, somebody would have had to think such a thing up specially for Sabu.

Three of the nine Mowgli stories are combined here, "Tiger-Tiger," "The King's Ankus," and "Letting in the Jungle." On the whole, the author's work has been pretty fairly adapted, although there is some comic relief not to be found in Kipling, and a female companion for Mowgli (Patricia O'Rourke) has been added for good measure. This girl, the village headman's daughter, can scarcely be classed as love-interest. She is merely a playmate for Mowgli, someone to whom he can boast and show off a bit, someone young and wide-eyed to share with him the mysterious secrets of the jungle.

Frankly episodic in character, "Jungle Book" shows how young Mowgli, strayed from his native village as a baby, is brought up by the wolves, learns the speech of animals (the animals really talk, sometimes in English, sometimes with untranslated howls and gibberings), and how, as a lad in his middle teens we should guess, he is driven back to the haunts of men by the enmity of Shere Khan, the tiger. In the native village his real mother finds him, teaches him human speech and human ways, but the men are cold, to say the least of it. Their ill-treatment of the boy and his mother, their own fatal lust for a buried treasure in the jungle, Mowgli's killing of Shere Khan, the burning of the jungle, and Mowgli's rescue of the animals, make up the balance of the picture.

"Jungle Book" is, of course, a natural subject for Technicolor, and that scene at the climax, with the flaming forests, the pall of smoke and dust, and the jostling crowds of people and animals, will not fail to leave its impression. For those who prefer their colours less noisy, there are pleasant glimpses of sunlight on tawny fur, white doves flying, and cool vistas of indigo water.

The film is set in a framework by which an amiable old ruffian, the chief villain of the piece, tells the story in the market-place to a group of tourists. At the very end an English girl, foremost in the group, asks to hear more about Mowgli's adventures. "That, memsahib," says the ancient grafter, "is another story." Since there are six more Mowgli stories available for filming, this seems to me a cunning combination of Kipling and the device known as trailing-the-coat.

Prompt to the date foretold her, I seem to remember, by a gipsy, the young French actress, Michele Morgan, has become a Hollywood star in "JOAN OF PARIS" (Odeon). I may be wrong, but I can't help feeling that the beautifully sensitive artist of "Quai des Brumes" has no very clear reason to be grateful to Hollywood for its initial treatment of her.

It is impossible for Miss Morgan to be a dull actress, but even she can't work miracles. She would have to be a Duse at the least to make a vivid, convincing sketch of the stereotyped material she is given here. Nor, I think, has she been very much helped by the style of camera-work adopted. The mignonne type, like so many young French actresses, she has never been schooled to play through the medium of large, bold close-ups. "Joan of Paris" is a perfect riot of close-ups — lyrical close-ups, sacrificial close-ups, sinister close-ups, and—just close-ups. It 's really months since I saw such an acreage of skin.

The plot is another of those dramas about Allied airmen trying to escape from occupied countries. This time the hero is a Free French flyer (Paul Henried) who is forced down with his four Hollywood-British comrades near the suburbs of Paris. The four Britishers, since they would merely be an embarrassment to the plot, are hidden in a cathedral crypt, and Paul goes out to contact the local British agents. He is helped in his search by a priest (Thomas Mitchell), who somehow never comes under suspicion, in spite of his habit of hiding notes in his biretta, and by a barmaid (Miss Morgan), who attracts the attention of the Gestapo in next to no time. Eventually, after love has bloomed, and the young couple have had the requisite amount of bliss demanded by movie audiences, the Frenchman and his crew get away by speed-boat and seaplane from the sewers. The barmaid, a modern St. Joan type, goes to the firing squad with a great light of glory on her face, in the film's very best and biggest close-up.

"Joan of Paris" seems to me about as immediate and real as some tale of the Punic wars, but there are good touches of melodrama here and there, and it 's always a pleasure to watch Laird Cregar doing his villainous stuff. Cast as a silky-voiced Gestapo officer, a cat playing with the mice, he makes old tricks seem new, and holds our attention consistently. Students of star career should note that Alan Ladd, the "discovery" of "This Gun for Hire," has a small but incisive part as a wounded member of the bomber crew. Historians may find this fact important some day.

"UNPUBLISHED STORY" (Regal) has been a bit outstripped by events, but many will find it a sincere and rather welcome memento of the "Britain-Can-Take-It" period of this war. Not ostentatious, and at moments enormously effective through its sheer understatement of drama, it tells the story of Londoners, and in particular, newspaper people, from the days of Dunkirk up to and through the Battle of Britain.

The plot itself is a slight thing, a mere thread to hold together the series of vast events that were commonplaces during that long summer. A war correspondent, Bob Randall (Richard Greene) comes back to England, by way of Dunkirk, with the memories of scenes on the French roads burning into his brain. A fanatic on

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

** Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard; Anton Walbrook; Athene Seyler and Judy Campbell. Anti-Nazi family in the U.S.A.

* Coliseum: "MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Revival, with Sonnie Hale; Elsie Randolph.

* Duchess: "SKYLARK." Well-acted comedy. Constance Cummings; Hugh Sinclair.

** Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

** Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

** Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

* His Majesty's: "BIG TOP." Cochran's latest, with Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney, Madge Elliott, Patricia Burke.

** Lyric: "THE LAND OF SMILES." Revival. Richard Tauber singing.

** Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

** Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

Phœnix: "SKY HIGH." Revue. Hermiones Baddeley and Gingold; Walter Crisham; Naunton Wayne; Elisabeth Welch.

*** Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

* Prince of Wales: "HAPPIDROME." B.B.C. success put on the stage by George Black.

* St. Martin's: "ROOKERY NOOK." Revival, with Ralph Lynn.

** Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show with Leslie Henson, Stan. Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

*** Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

* Strand: "REBECCA." Revival, with Owen Nares.

* Vaudeville: "SCOOP!" New revue with Henry Kendall; Joan Swinstead; Patricia Leonard; Arthur Young and Swingtette.

** Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

** Whitehall: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Olga Lindo; Phyllis Dare.

* Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

* Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

the subject of Fifth Columnists, he takes up his old job in Fleet Street with the fixed resolve that the British people must be warned, it Mustn't Happen Here. The new girl on the Fashion Page, Carol Bennett (Valerie Hobson, in some striking creations of her own devising), piques him with her naïve interest in a society called the People for Peace, propaganda pamphlets one penny. Randall's reporter's nose smells a nigger in the wood-pile, a Nazi behind the genuine peacemongers. He investigates. All through the Battle of Britain, all through the first nights of the London blitz, he sticks to the trail, with Carol alternately a hindrance and a help. The film gets a bit wild and woolly towards the end, but it is constantly brought back to earth by some scene in the Underground, in the blazing docks, in a Government office, in a Dover hotel—little vignettes of real people and actual events which are remarkably sincere and simple. Even the *Daily Gazette* office has the air of a place where newspapers might be written and printed, where men have something better to do than rush about in shirt-sleeves saying "Give me the city desk!" or "Give me a re-write man!" The only ironic thing about these accounts of history in our time is that the real story, the plain, unvarnished truth, is so much more dramatic than anything we see in the movies. But until the factual records of that summer can be written, "Unpublished Story" should content us pretty well.

JEAN PHILLIPS *stars with Macdonald Carey—New York stage idol—in "Dr. Broadway" (Carlton; June 19), a comedy-murder-mystery with some tense moments.*

Just for a bracer, if you have an hour or so to spare, you might drop in at the Plaza and take a look at Dorothy Lamour in "THE FLEET'S IN." There is nothing to harrow you in this piece, nothing to inspire a sombre thought, except possibly the realisation that such a nice young man as the hero is to marry a girl who smashes so much crockery.

William Holden is the young man, an American sailor on shore leave. More interested in Shakespeare than in dames, he gets a reputation as a Lothario when a movie star kisses him for a news-picture, and the Admiral's daughter does the same as a girlish gesture of gratitude. Bets run like wildfire through the Navy that he can even kiss "The Countess" (Miss Lamour), the case-hardened night-club singer of San Francisco's Swingland.

"The Fleet's In" is a tough little piece, embellished with racy dialogue and a particularly lively floor show. Everyone seems tireless, especially the ladies, who throw things a lot and have obviously been bred from their cradles to woman-handle sailors.

Lively, too, but getting a bit wheezy perhaps from running so long, is the Jack Benny version of "Charley's Aunt" at the New Gallery. "CHARLEY'S AMERICAN AUNT" it is called in this country, on the precedent, no doubt, of "Charley's Big-Hearted Aunt," the Askey version. The title notwithstanding, it is probably the most faithful screen transcription yet of the Brandon Thomas original.

Right down the years, I had almost said the centuries, come the traditions of character and costume, the old gags, the old dilemma of the Oxford undergraduates and the lady from Brazil, where the nuts come from. The black satin gown, the rosebud bonnet, the whalebone corset into which Jack Benny is squeezed, are faithful copies of the originals worn by W. S. Penley in the first London production.

The trouble with "Charley's American Aunt" is not so much its Americanism, not even its breathless old plot, but the difficulty of gaiting a successful modern radio comic to the farcical style of the 'nineties. Mr. Benny, one sometimes feels, is more embarrassed by Lord Fancourt Babberley, than Lord Fancourt Babberley was by his friend's aunt's petticoats. There was something pathetic, something almost defeatist, in those old comedies like "Charley's Aunt," "When Knights Were Bold" and "The Private Secretary," a clear case of inferiority complex that seems foreign to Mr. Benny's style.

Star of "THE FLEET'S IN," *new Paramount musical at the Plaza,* DOROTHY LAMOUR *plays a dance-hall queen. Her opposite is handsome William Holden, as a shy Shakespeare-loving sailor on shore leave in San Francisco, who acquires an undeserved reputation as a lady-killer.* DOROTHY *sings several numbers with Jimmy Dorsey's famous band.*

DOROTHY LAMOUR *as "The Duchess" in "The Fleet's In" tops the list of the feminine entertainers, and* BETTY HUTTON, *playing Bessie Day, is among the many new personalities of this lively picture.*

PICTURED NEWS FROM THE HOME FRONT: ENGAGEMENTS

The flags for the "United Nations Day," fixed for Sunday last, June 14, were made in a London factory by a group of highly skilled seamstresses.

MRS. W. G. CARR, *wife of Colonel Carr, a heroic leader of the Tank Brigade in Libya, has organised the wives of officers and men of the County of London Yeomanry into a "big family." They meet regularly to share news and exchange problems.*

Left: MISS VALERIE COLLBRAN, *only daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Collbran and of Mrs. Collbran, is engaged to Major Lord Cullen of Ashbourne, son of the late Lord Cullen of Ashbourne.*

Right: SQUADRON LEADER JOHN NETTLETON, R.A.F., *who was awarded the V.C. for leading the low-level daylight attack on Augsburg, is engaged to* ASST. SECTION OFFICER ISOBEL HAVELOCK, W.A.A.F.

BUSTER, *the dog, here facing the camera with a self-satisfied smile, is the mascot of H.M.S. "Stork," which has just added "U574" to her total of U-boats destroyed.*

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN *gave a special send-off to the Red Cross and St. John National Flag Day by paying an advance visit to the Flag Day organisers and workers at St. James's Palace.*

INCLUDING ROYAL OCCASIONS, WEDDINGS, AND A MASCOT.

The marriage of CADET OFFICER ROMOA LO JARAS WOLKOWINSKI, *Polish Army, to* MISS ELECTRA MICKAILIDIS, *step-daughter of General Pangalos, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. The reception was at the Polish Hearth, Princes Gate.*

SIR EDMUND BEDINGFELD, BT., *Welsh Guards, married* MISS JOAN LYNETTE REES, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar G. Rees, of Llanelly, at the Brompton Oratory. The bride was given away by her father.*

MRS. JANE HEDGES, *A.R.P. ambulance driver, has made these all-but-human dolls, which have already raised over £100 for charity. Her latest effort, the nurse, is to be disposed of for the Battersea General Hospital.*

The marriage of LIEUT. ERIK HAGEN, *Royal Norwegian Air Force, to* MISS INGRID BERYL FIFOOT, *took place recently at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride wore a particularly pretty lace dress.*

SENHOR ANTHONY RIBEIRO DOS SANTOS, *Brazilian Vice-Consul in Southampton, son of the Chancellor of the Brazilian Embassy in London, married* MISS NANCY MAITLAND, *daughter of Sir Adam Maitland, M.P., at Remenham Parish Church.*

The engagement of 2nd Lieut. John Mavin Beazley, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Beazley, to MISS THEODORA (BUNTY) TRITTON, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian S. Tritton, has been announced.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *made a tour of six of the largest depôts of flags on the Red Cross and St. John Fund Flag Day. Nearly 6,000,000 emblems were on sale and many people who bought gave a silver coin.*

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN, *on duty selling emblems on the Red Cross and St. John Day, sold a flag to her husband,* MR. ANTHONY EDEN. *Her pitch was outside the Foreign Office.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

LT. ROBERTS and P./O. GOULD, for their superhuman courage in removing a live "twanging" bomb from H.M. Submarine "Thrasher."

LIEUT. PETER S. W. ROBERTS and PETTY OFFICER T. W. GOULD have won the Victoria Cross for a deed of almost superhuman courage. On February 16, the "Thrasher," in which they were serving, sank a heavily escorted enemy supply ship in daylight. She survived an immediate depth-charge and bomb attack, but when she surfaced after dark it was discovered that two unexploded enemy bombs were in her gun casing. Lieut. Roberts and P.O. Gould offered to remove them. To deal with the second they had to go through the casing, which was so low that they had to lie down and, in darkness, push and drag the bomb—of a type unknown to them—some twenty feet until it could be lowered over the side. Every time the bomb was moved there was a loud twanging noise, as of a broken spring, which, says the official citation, "added nothing to their peace of mind." The "Thrasher's" presence was known to the enemy, and Roberts and Gould were well aware that the submarine might have to crash-dive while they were in the casing. Had this happened they must have been drowned.

Right: LIEUT. PETER SCAWEN WATKINSON ROBERTS, R.N., *who won the Victoria Cross for his great valour while serving in H.M.S. "Thrasher"; and* MRS. ROBERTS.

MRS. THOMAS WILLIAM GOULD, *who received the news of her husband's V.C. on her twenty-fourth birthday; with her infant son.*

PETTY OFFICER THOMAS WILLIAM GOULD, *second coxswain of H.M.S. "Thrasher," awarded the V.C. for his gallantry on February 16.*

SQUADRON LEADER *the* HON. GEORGE WARD, R.A.F., *with* MRS. WARD *and baby* GEORGINA.

The HON. MRS. GEORGE WARD *and her infant daughter,* GEORGINA.

MISS GEORGINA WARD *looks at the world. She is named after her beautiful ancestress, Georgina, Lady Dudley.*

ONE OF THE FLYING WARD TWINS AND HIS FAMILY.

SQUADRON LEADER *the* HON. GEORGE WARD, R.A.F., *is one of the flying Ward twins, brothers of the Earl of Dudley. His marriage to Miss Ann Diana Frances Ayesha Capel, daughter of the late Captain Arthur Capel and of the Countess of Westmorland, took place in 1940, and they have a baby daughter who has been called Georgina, after her beautiful ancestress, Georgina, Countess of Dudley, daughter of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe. Squadron Leader George Ward's twin brother, Squadron Leader the Hon. Edward Ward, R.A.F., married Miss Pauline Winn.* (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.)

HOME LIFE OF AMERICA'S HITLER-BAI
NEW YORK BA

Dorothy Thompson's house in New York is situated in East 48th Street, between Third and Second Avenues.

DOROTHY *doodles very attractively while she carries on a lively telephone conversation from home.*

Inter-secretarial conversation: ADALINE SHAW *is American, and* HILDA AUERSPERG *a French national who came to the U.S.A. from Austria.*

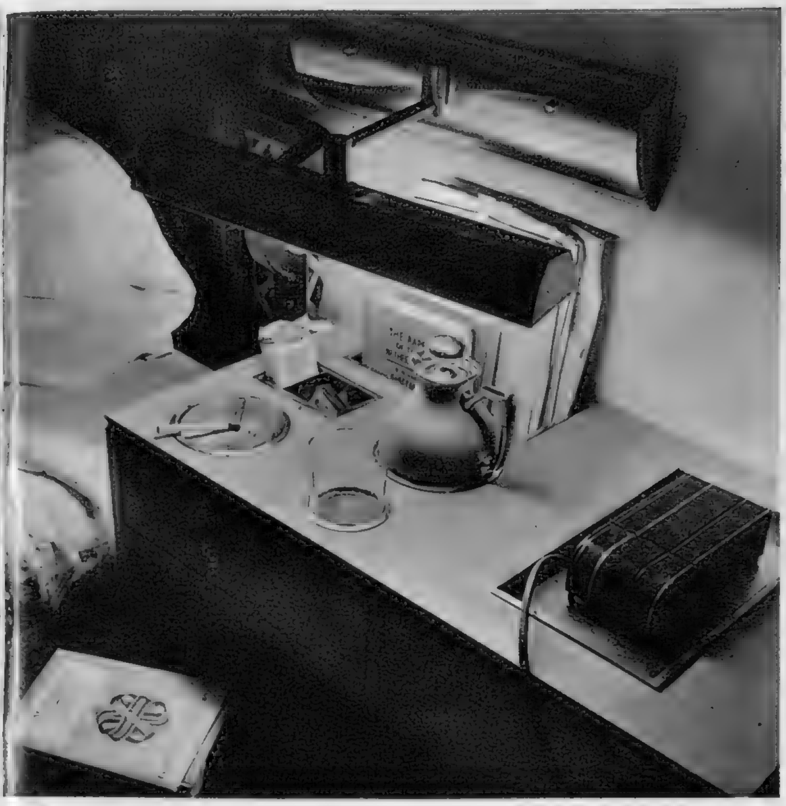
Most widely known woman journalist at work: DOROTHY THOMPSON *gets on with an article, liable to be read by 8,000,000 people.*

DOROTHY THOMPSON, America's "Hitler-baiter No. 1," and one of th
to create a beautiful home in New York, as well as to gain world
America must inevitably come into the war to save civilisation. For ove
for writing against the Nazi régime. She was then engaged by Mrs. Ogden
in 200 newspapers. Miss Thompson's success has been summed up by a
personality, wit, and perspicacity, and when she was in London in the F
She was formerly Mrs. Josef Bard, and married Mr. Sinclair Lewis in Lond
against Mr. Sinclair Lewis in November 1941. She said, when in this co
States come out from under the bed and look around"; and she has a
other American writer. Last week Miss Thompson's appr

PHOTOGRAPH

N.B. Colour plat

TR No. 1: DOROTHY THOMPSON'S KGROUND.



Bedside-table luxury—a specially designed fitment, with partitions for books and papers, cigarettes and matches, cold-water bottle and electric lighter.

The entrance-hall seen from the dining-room. New York architect George Bergal designed the decoration, and the little wall-paintings are by Dutch artist Joep Nicolas.

MICHAEL'S *shipshape bedroom. The upper berth is the "spare room" for visiting friends. He is the only son of Dorothy Thompson and Sinclair Lewis.*

Dinner for mother and son: DOROTHY THOMPSON *enjoys a quiet evening at home with* MICHAEL.

U.S.A.'s two most influential women (Mrs. Roosevelt is the other), has had time ame as a clear-sighted, forceful political commentator who always realised that nine years she lived in Germany, and was eventually expelled by the Gestapo id to write a column. Her "On the Record" is now read by 8,000,000 people nd as the "discovery of perpetual emotion." She is a woman of tremendous tle of Britain and "Blitz" periods of 1940, her broadcasts thrilled all listeners. in 1928. They have one son, Michael. Miss Thompson filed a suit for divorce ry during the "Blitz," that her aim was "to make the people of the United ys assailed the Hitler régime and all that it implies more violently than any ation of Mr. Wendell Willkie was given as a B.B.C. broadcast.

Y RALPH CRANE.

inserted in this issue.

CRINOLINE TIME OF " FINE AND DANDY."

" WINTERHALTER WALTZ," *with* DOROTHY DICKSON, GRAHAM PAYN *and* THE GIRLS *dancing to Tchaikowsky music, puts the clock back to crinoline time. It 's one of the most decorative and charming numbers in* " FINE AND DANDY," *the new Firth Shephard musical show at the Saville Theatre. Pat Taylor is the singer, and our fine photographs give an excellent idea of the grace and elegance of the scene.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASIL SHACKLETON, A.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.

DIETRICH AND SCREEN-CHILD DAVY.

BABY DAVY JOSEPH JAMES *plays with* MARLENE DIETRICH *in Columbia's "The Lady is Willing," and is the "springboard for all the fun," as the story tells how a screen-star adopts a baby and then has to marry the father in order to legalise her claim to keep the child. Baby Davy is the first infant to play with Marlene: he comes of a picture family but didn't get the job through interest, but by giving a cute gurgle at the right moment! He was the inadvertent cause of Marlene's accident when she fell with him in her arms and put one of her million-dollar legs and the picture on the shelf for a while, but that hasn't queered his pitch with the star. Her Universal picture, "The Spoilers," was due at the Leicester Square Theatre on June 12.*

FLIGHT CAPTAIN JACQUELINE COCHRANE *enjoys a joke with a comrade.*

A group of American girl ferry pilots of the A.T.A. walking out to take over 'planes.

THIRD OFFICER HELEN RITCHIE, *of Pittsburg, preparing to board a "Spitfire."*

THIRD OFFICER VIRGINIA FARR, *of New Jersey, with* THIRD OFFICER LOUISE ("DUTCH") SCHUURMAN, *of Long Island.*

IN our last issue we gave a double-page of caricatures of British "Atagirls," or women pilots of the Air Transport Auxiliary, who are employed in the responsible and important work of ferrying aircraft on their delivery flights for the R.A.F. This page consists of photographs of the five American airwomen who have come over from the U.S.A. under the leadership of Miss Jacqueline Cochrane, the noted pilot, to join the A.T.A.; and two of their British comrades, the C.O., Commander Pauline Gower, M.B.E., and First Officer Audrey Sale-Barker, the ski-ing champion. The American girls are all skilled aviators who have left highly paid jobs behind them in the States.

"ATAGIRLS" FROM THE U.S.A.

British and American pilots: THIRD OFFICER VIRGINIA FARR, THIRD OFFICER LOUISE ("DUTCH") SCHUURMAN, THIRD OFFICER HELEN RITCHIE, COMMANDER PAULINE GOWER, M.B.E., *O.C. Women Pilots,* FLIGHT CAPTAIN JACQUELINE COCHRANE, THIRD OFFICER PAMELA DUNCAN, THIRD OFFICER O. L. WILLIAMS, THIRD OFFICER ZITA IRWIN *and* FIRST OFFICER AUDREY SALE-BARKER.

The very Weird Sisters of "Mockbeth": MAURICE LEVERETT, GRETCHEN FRANKLIN and CHARLES PETERS.

"BIG TOP" BEAUTY AND BURLESQUE.

"BIG TOP," the new Charles B. Cochran revue at His Majesty's, is full of good numbers. The witty author, Herbert Farjeon, mocks amusingly at most things, from Shakespeare to ballet fans, and there are scenes and costumes by such admirable artists as Oliver Messel and Doris Zinkeisen. Beatrice Lillie has good songs, and puts them over with her usual skill and point. Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney and Madge Elliott are other high spots of the cast.

"Flamingo," one of the most successful songs in the show, with PATRICIA BURKE as the singer.

"South American Way": BEATRICE LILLIE as Carmen Miranda in one of the colourful scenes designed by Doris Zinkeisen.

"Mockbeth," with Macbluff (FRED EMNEY), Lady Macbreath (BEATRICE LILLIE), Macbreath (CYRIL RITCHARD) and (behind) Drunken (ROBIN HOOD).

"India," the grand finale of "Big Top," with MADGE ELLIOTT (fifth from left, front row; and, l. to r.), CYRIL RITCHARD, BEATRICE LILLIE, FRED EMNEY and PATRICIA BURKE.

"Bird Song": BEATRICE LILLIE in a brilliant satirical number in which she takes off a ballad singer.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT WILSON.

"MY FAVOURITE BLONDE," *due at the Plaza on June 26, is a comedy riot. Larry Haines* (BOB HOPE), *vaudeville actor bound for Hollywood, encounters British agent Karen* (MADELEINE CARROLL), *whose efforts to avoid Axis spies provide fun and confusion.*

"THE MALTESE FALCON," *which comes to the Regal, Marble Arch, on June 21, is a crime thriller. Brigid* (MARY ASTOR) *and Joel Cairo* (PETER LORRE) *are brought to justice by Spade* (HUMPHREY BOGART; *left) after many exciting happenings.*

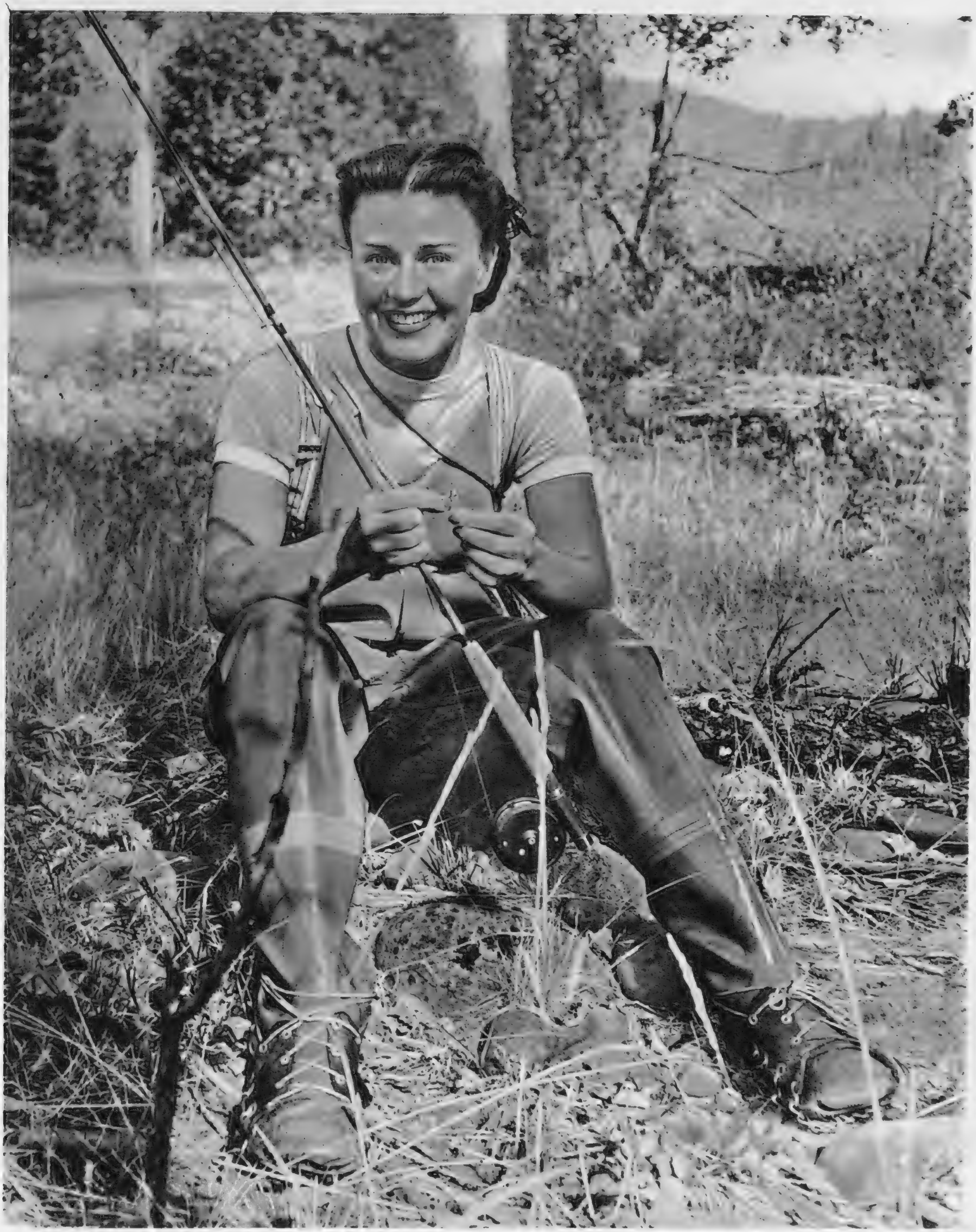
"FLYING FORTRESS," *due at the Empire and Warner Theatres on June 12, is an Anglo-American air-raid, Air Force romance. Jim* (RICHARD GREENE), *former millionaire playboy, behaves gallantly in a London air raid, and helps to rescue a child.*

"FLYING FORTRESS" *features the regeneration of playboy Jim Spence* (RICHARD GREENE). *Here he is, a Canadian-trained bomber-pilot, proposing to Sydney Kelly* (CARLA LEHMANN), *girl-reporter who had set out to ruin him. The sequence is set in a shelter during an air raid.*

"JUNGLE BOOK," *at the Gaumont, Haymarket, is the screen version of three stories from Kipling's famous book. Shere Khan, the wicked tiger, is coming down to drink, in the lush, "man-made" jungle, forty miles from Hollywood.*

COMEDY, CRIME, WAR STORY AND KIPLING FILMS.

"JUNGLE BOOK." SABU *plays Mowgli. Akela, the lone wolf, has come with him to the ruined city, where Mowgli discovers a store of gold and jewels.*



GINGER AS THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

In case you don't recognise this young sportswoman in waders and a sweater, with hair plainly drawn back from her forehead, she's GINGER ROGERS *on holiday. When you go and see* "ROXIE HART," *her latest picture, which is due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on June 19, you will find her looking very different, for as Roxie she plays a really boisterous, spicy rôle as a publicity-seeking wild-cat dancer who agrees to stand trial for murder to gain fame and a good vaudeville contract. Adolphe Menjou, George Montgomery and Lynne Overmann are all in the cast of this clever satirical comedy burlesquing criminal trial procedure of Chicago in 1927. Ginger, by the way, is No. 4 on the U.S.A.'s high-salary list for 1941 with 53,750 dollars.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LANDRY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

BORN in a back street in Palermo in 1743, Guiseppe Balsamo had many aliases; but the style he preferred, and came to be known by, was Count Alessandro di Cagliostro. That name has become a by-word for chicanery and mystification on the grandest possible scale. How it came to be so makes a fascinating chapter in biography—not the less fascinating because there are so many gaps to challenge conjecture in reader and biographer alike.

A Triumphal Progress. That the Count was a rogue Mr. Michael Harrison freely admits. Supported, after his father's death, by two highly respectable uncles, the boy early became expert in many of the more imaginative forms of dishonesty, and a sworn enemy to Authority in all its forms. He was ejected from the monastery of Cartegirone (whither he had been sent for reform) for a mischievous but harmless and amusing prank; later he had to leave his native town for a prank that was also amusing but not so harmless. The "spirits" who cudgelled the deceived treasure-seeker into insensibility were shepherds whom Cagliostro had hired; but spirits of one sort or another accompanied the Count through the greater part of his career, and were of great financial benefit to him. Through Italy, Germany, Courland, Russia, Poland, he went carrying the cult of "Egyptian freemasonry"; there were setbacks, but on the whole it was a triumphal progress. In France, as friend of Cardinal Rohan, whom he had cured of a mysterious illness, he reached the summit of his fortunes: he was on terms with Royalty. But they were not friendly terms. Cleared of complicity in the affair of the Diamond Necklace, he did not escape the vindictiveness of Marie Antoinette. Pursued by her agent, de Breteuil, he fled to England. It was his third visit to our country. None of them had been successful and this was the least. Cruelly lampooned by Gillray he made his escape to Switzerland and thence to Rome. Here, his glory all departed, the Officers of the Inquisition arrested him and he was condemned to death for freemasonry. The sentence was commuted, and after long years of imprisonment the possessor of "the elixir of immortal youth" died at the age of fifty-two.

"Egyptian Freemasonry." The Eighteenth Century, the Age of Reason, was also an exceedingly credulous and romantic age; hence the success of Cagliostro and his "Egyptian freemasonry," not only in the Courts but among the common people of Europe. He was a superb showman, and like many mediums whose professions are largely fraudulent, he possessed a genuine streak of clairvoyance. One of the strangest things about him is that though a swindler himself he was easily imposed on by others: "Lord and Lady Scot" found him an easy victim. Carlyle, another of his biographers, called him "a character naturally great"; he was a charlatan, no doubt, but a charlatan of genius. Mr. Harrison sees him as a type of the eternal revolutionary: his "Letter to the French People," with its reference to the Fall of the Bastille (written in 1786), has been read as a prophecy of the Revolution. But judging from his career it is difficult to believe that his political principles amounted to much more than a gift for fishing in troubled waters. As is right in a biographer, Mr. Harrison shows him every sympathy; but I think that, towards the end, his outbursts of indignant eloquence on the Count's behalf are a little exaggerated. His fate was hard indeed; but many worthier men have met a harder one.

A First-rate War Novel. Good war novels, as I have had occasion to observe before, are exceedingly rare, but here is one: Mr. John Brophy's "Immortal Sergeant." It has at least two claims to distinction. First, it gives what seems to the lay reader a wonderfully vivid and accurate description of desert warfare in Libya. Sergeant Kelly's patrol goes out, is bombed by the Italians, and reduced to less than half its original strength. Their armoured car breaks down, their water-supply gives out, the grievously wounded sergeant, not to be a burden on his comrades, shoots himself. Then follows the breath-taking episode in which his successor in command, Corporal Spence, crawls to the oasis, replenishes the water-bottles under the noses of a German detachment much superior to his own in numbers and returns to put new heart into the survivors. Thus encouraged, and under cover of a providential but most uncomfortable sandstorm, they attack the German position in an action that is most brilliantly described. But Corporal Spence has received his second wound, and their position, lost in the desert, is now more desperate than it was. . . .

This is by far the best account that I have read of land-fighting in the present war. It seems so authentic that one would not be surprised to hear that the author had never been near Libya, and had evoked the whole thing out of his imagination. Better not hazard a guess. Still, the last war furnished novelists with battle-pieces as graphic as this, though the stationary nature of warfare then made them perhaps less exciting. "Immortal Sergeant" may not be a better war-novel than many of them, but it is a better novel than almost any, because Mr. Brophy has succeeded in relating the experiences of the battlefield to those of ordinary life. What he describes is an extension of normal experience which the mind, and even the nerves—perhaps less tough than the mind—can assimilate; whereas his predecessors nearly all treated the Western Front as a mixture of Hell and Bedlam, a No Man's Land of thought, as foreign to ordinary experience as insanity would be, or life beyond the grave.

Through War to Love. To achieve this, he gives his hero, Corporal Spence, through whose consciousness the story is told, a second preoccupation as strong as the danger of imminent death, and perhaps stronger. Dovetailed into the scenes of fighting are episodes of a very different nature: the corporal's recollections of his attachment to Valentine Finch, the pianist: an attachment which seemed to hold much promise for them both, but which had unaccountably failed to satisfy either of them. Spence was jealous of Valentine's regard for the popular philosopher, Benedictus, and his shallow theories; Valentine thought Spence ineffectual as a man and a thinker; in fact, she despised him. The austerity proper to the artist had invaded her nature, hardening it. Corporal Spence is an intellectual, mentally akin, he ruefully admits, to Cottrell—half-baked idealist, bad soldier, and chronic grouser—by example and precept a handicap to the *morale* of the patrol. But the spirit that he admires and seeks to emulate is the immortal spirit of Sergeant Kelly, an old soldier with an old soldier's faults, but for the purpose in hand, a better man than any of them; and in proportion as he succeeds in identifying himself with Kelly's spirit, so does his relation to Valentine Spence, that demanding fair one, clarify itself. He will be a good soldier for her sake, as well as for his own and his country's.

The reader may feel that Valentine was a hard taskmaster, and that Spence lost something by toughening himself in order to please her. This is not an adverse criticism of Mr. Brophy's story; life is sometimes kind to the tenderfoot, sometimes not. What does seem inconsistent is that Valentine should have been taken in by the sophistries of Benedictus. I suppose that she was impressed by his self-confidence; self-confidence was a quality she admired; diffidence repelled her. "Immortal Sergeant" is a story that raises the widest issues, and can be enjoyed equally by those who agree and who disagree with its conclusions. Always economically, and often beautifully, written, it will add greatly to Mr. Brophy's reputation.

ŒUFS DE POISSON AU PAPRIKA.

3 oz. of hard fish-roe.
1 teaspoonful of paprika.
1 tablespoonful of oil.
Pepper.

You can either buy hard roe separately from your fishmonger, or else clean your own fish, such as bream, at home, and keep the roe. Remove the skin from round the eggs and put them in a bowl; add the paprika, the oil, and a pinch of pepper, and beat well together with a fork. Spread the mixture on pieces of lightly toasted bread, and leave for about two minutes under the grill.

A Disappointing Quest. "Brothers-in-Arms" is rather disappointing. Mr. Frederick Niven had a good subject. Bob Niven, scapegrace son of a prosperous Glasgow tobacco merchant, refuses to submit to discipline, and in the year 1751 is shipped off to Virginia by his father, ostensibly to take part in the family business. The father dies; nothing is heard of the son; and two years after the latter's departure, his younger brother, James, goes out to look for him. He returns before the outbreak of the Seven Years War, but there has already been a clash between the English and the French. In this clash, the two brothers find themselves on opposite sides—a dramatic situation, but Mr. Niven, who seems to find Bob as difficult to handle as his father did, treats it rather perfunctorily. The love interest also offers opportunities for drama. James falls in love with the wife of the man who is destined to be his best friend. But here, again, the author—almost deliberately, it seems—refrains from bringing the situation to a crisis, and even from developing it very much. Perhaps James was the kind of man to whom, whether from timidity or some other cause, adventures of the spirit do not happen. Of more concrete adventures he saw plenty. A good deal of fighting came his way, and he made the acquaintance of the young George Washington, then an officer in the service of England. Unrelenting and austere, one is conscious of the incipient greatness of the man: as a study in characterisation his portrait is perhaps the best in the book—a book that does not lack distinction, but that somehow lacks the energy needed to bring it to life.

An Unusual Detective Story. Fortunately for the continued existence of the human race, motives for murder are not very numerous. In "Tragedy at Law," Mr. Cyril Hare has chosen an old and reliable one, but he has put it in so new a dress that the reader who discovers it must be learned as well as perspicuous. The main part of the story is concerned with the judicial circuit of Sir William Hereward Barber, and the disturbing events that marked the progress of that circuit. Throughout the book the legal flavour is very pronounced; even the jokes are of the dry vintage acceptable to the judicial palate. And the love interest is well spiced with irony, pleasantly astringent.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Count Cagliostro. By Michael Harrison. (*Rich and Cowan; 18s.*)
Immortal Sergeant. By John Brophy. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Brothers-in-Arms. By Frederick Niven. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Tragedy at Law. By Cyril Hare. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN BY THE MIDDLE EAST FORCES.

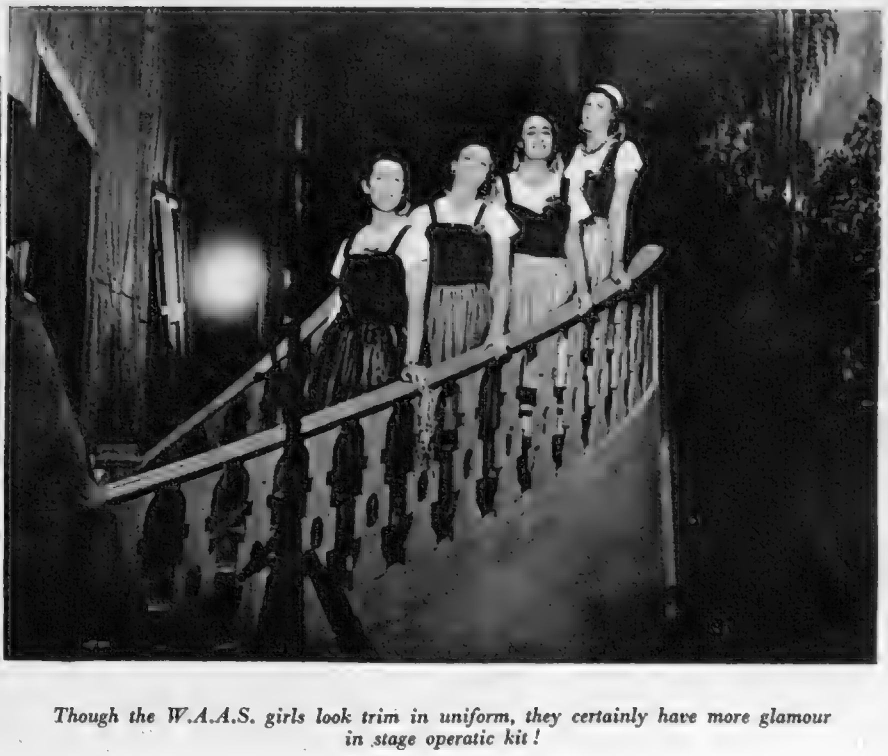
"THE GONDOLIERS" *was produced by the Cairo Amateur Dramatic and Musical Society, composed of members of the Middle East Forces. This is Act I., set in the Piazzetta, Venice.*

The Pavilion in the Palace of Barataria scene is the finale of the opera, which was extremely well-produced.

A back-stage study of two of the artists. A sergeant-major vocalist relaxes for a few moments while his colleague dresses for his stage appearance.

CAIRO has recently been enlivened by an excellent production of Gilbert and Sullivan's popular light opera "The Gondoliers," given by the Cairo Amateur Dramatic and Musical Society, which is composed of members of the Middle East Services. The performances in the Cairo Opera House were in aid of British military charities and the British Charitable Fund.

Members of the Women's African Auxiliary Service took part in the production. When on duty they wear these smart tropical uniforms.



Though the W.A.A.S. girls look trim in uniform, they certainly have more glamour in stage operatic kit!

MURDERERS' ROW.

II.—MURDER OF A KINSMAN.* By WINIFRED DUKE.

MISS HOBBINDER was washing her china. She lived in Douth, a flat-faced village set in the midst of featureless country. Nobody was particularly interested in her; but it was understood that she and a friend had lived in London until the latter's death in an air raid.

The cottage she had taken was small, damp, its deeply-set little windows nearly obscured by the dense growth of ivy which clothed its solid walls. The place was up a by-lane, a mile from the village. Apparently, Miss Hobbinder did not mind being alone in such an isolated spot. She did her own housework, put in many hours in the hitherto neglected garden, and discouraged visitors.

This June morning, whilst she stood drying the last of the tea-cups, a knock on the door interrupted her. The postman offered her a letter. She took the envelope and carried the missive back to the living-room. Her face as she read it was not pleasant. Dated the previous day, and headed from a training-camp somewhere in England, the letter ran:

"DEAR AUNT TRIX.—Here I am, come to do my bit for the Old Country. I have forty-eight hours' leave, and hope to run down and see you on Wednesday. If you can put me up, well and good. If not, I suppose there 's a pub or something where I can get a shakedown. All news when we meet. Your affectionate nephew—BRIAN."

The recipient of the letter sat looking thoughtful. Beatrice Hobbinder's only sister had married a man named Mandrill, and with him migrated to Australia. Their only child, a boy, was born in Melbourne, and must be, Miss Hobbinder reckoned sourly, twenty-two. Now he had arrived in England and she would have to accept his suggestion of visiting her. She pinched her lower lip pensively. There was a small attic bedroom under the roof. It was furnished, and had a tiny gas-fire. She could light this to remove any suspicion of damp. As for meals—well, he must understand that, in a remote village, it was difficult to get even one's rations, and take pot-luck. Vaguely, she wondered what he would be like.

This was Wednesday. It did not allow too much time. After she had prepared the bedroom and made the bed, she went down to the village. This consisted of a huddle of low cottages, the post-office, a kind of general stores, and a baker's. The proprietor of the former found her unusually communicative. She was expecting a nephew that evening. Yes, a young airman, just arrived from Australia. Now, had Mr. Burt anything to supplement the ordinary rations? She could manage, but a young man was different.

Mr. Burt, on his mettle, produced various tins and six eggs. Miss Hobbinder piled them into her basket and pilgrimaged to the baker's. Here she purchased a special kind of scone. Mrs. Prosser, the manageress, was interested in Miss Hobbinder's visitor. Why, she 'd a nephew herself from Brisbane in the Middle East. Weren't these lads wonderful? How was this one coming—by air, or by the bus from Bickers End? Miss Hobbinder thought the latter more likely, and departed, agreeing that rain was not far off.

She prepared and ate a meagre lunch, and spent the greater part of the afternoon and evening in gardening. Trees, dark, gnarled, huddled together as though for company, kept off the sun. Miss Hobbinder dug and tidied, her lean back bent, her mouth set in a hard line. Once she stopped and surveyed a deep and narrow gash in the moist earth. It was not unlike a grave.

It grew darker and darker. A wind howled, and the sky turned so black that it was difficult to see, though barely six o'clock. Miss Hobbinder laid the table for supper and carried a battered can containing hot water up to her guest's room. The small window, set in the ivy, was a lightless square. She stood looking out from it and saw, striding up the lane, a tall young man.

"Hullo, Aunt Trix! This is great."

"I am very glad to see you, Brian. I 've only a very small spare room. You 'd better unpack, and I 'll see to supper. I expect you 're hungry."

"Rather! Gosh! I 'm glad to see England."

Miss Hobbinder smiled rather sourly. She said very little as she escorted her guest upstairs and showed him his quarters. Brian Mandrill felt slightly chilled and abashed. Rum old bird! She and his mother were sisters, and he anticipated eager questions about his parents, his home, his plans, but his aunt had not alluded to any of these things. Perhaps she was shy. He grinned amusedly at the prim little room. Well, he wasn't accustomed to luxury, and it was only for one night. He strolled to the window. By Jove! that sky looked pretty threatening. They were in for a thunderstorm, a corker, if he knew anything of weather portents. It ought to be hot, with all those lurid, overhanging clouds, but the odd thing was that he felt cold—cold, with a curious, fear-compelling sense of chill such as he had never experienced even on the most hazardous flight. He shrugged his shoulders. What harm could happen to him here?

Supper was ready when he appeared downstairs. He attacked the meal with gusto, but Miss Hobbinder ate little. She asked polite, perfunctory questions about his home, and her few allusions to his mother left him perplexed and disappointed. Of course—he frowned a little—ever since her friend's tragic death in London and her own removal to Douth, Aunt Trix had written much less regularly. He had heard his mother lament that the war had changed Trix, and when she wrote her letters did not seem the same. Poor old girl!

He looked up and met her eyes. They sent a shock through him. The expression was hostile. He felt a return of that chill.

"More pudding, Brian?"

"Thanks. It 's awfully good. Did you make it?"

"Oh, yes. I 've no maid."

"Mother always said you hated cooking." He laughed.

"Here it 's cook or starve." Her tone was dry, unfriendly.

"You 'll play to me afterwards, won't you?"

"I don't play."

"Oh, nonsense!" He laughed again. "Mother 's no end proud of your getting all those certificates."

"I meant—I 've no piano. It was destroyed in the raid when——"

"I know. Rotten luck for you."

She changed the subject, and said she would make the coffee. Didn't he want to smoke? No, she never cared for it. He bit off a protesting: "But Mother always sent you cigarettes for your birthday," and said he had brought her some chocolates. He sprang to his feet, explaining that he had left the box upstairs. His unpacking had been a hasty business, and on reaching his room he raked through the possessions tumbled out of his suitcase into a drawer of the small, painted chest. The drawer seemed to shut badly, even after he had removed all of the contents to discover the chocolates. He pushed it farther back, and finally pulled it out altogether. Something which looked like a piece of cardboard had slipped between the end of the drawer and the back of the chest. He dragged it out. It was a photograph. He scrutinised it carefully, turned it over, read the writing on the other side. His face grew grim.

"Brian, aren't you coming down? Your coffee will be cold." Miss Hobbinder stood in the open doorway. He made a quick movement to conceal what he held in his hand. "Coming," he told her.

It was ten minutes before he reappeared in the living-room. The coffee was hot and delicious. After he had drunk two cups, he asked for a post card and scribbled a message on it. "Just to tell Mother I 'm here." He added that he would stroll out and post it. She watched him go, and if he had turned round to see the expression on her face he would have walked away from the cottage, although it meant sleeping in the open fields. The lane was dark, and the sky so overcast that he had difficulty in finding the wall pillar-box at its end. He dropped in two missives.

The evening dragged. Each was watching the other. The rain began in earnest. The close little room felt as though it held no air. Brian yawned. Miss Hobbinder suggested bed. "Well, if you don't think me an uncivil brute. I 'm uncommonly sleepy."

She came upstairs, inquired solicitously whether he had all he wanted, and closed the little window. When he remonstrated she pointed out that the rain was coming in. He did not argue. After she had gone he could open it again. In the end he flung himself into bed without doing so, conscious of nothing save an overpowering drowsiness. He did not hear the door open an hour later, or see a shape which stole, cat-footed, across the floor.

All night the rain fell. Towards dawn a great thunderstorm broke, but to one accustomed to London air raids, this natural artillery did not seem alarming. Miss Hobbinder slept soundly, and, rising at her usual hour, went downstairs. She heated water for Brian's shaving and carried the can upstairs. Her knock received no reply. After waiting some seconds, she knocked again, and finally opened the door.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Prosser's shop was entered by Miss Hobbinder. Might she use the telephone? Mrs. Prosser acquiesced, and heard Miss Hobbinder ringing up the local doctor. Could he come at once? She rang off, paid for the call, and left, without satisfying Mrs. Prosser's curiosity. Subsequently the news seeped through the village. Miss Hobbinder's nephew from Australia had been found dead in bed, and the room was full of gas.

The doctor could do nothing. Brian's body was removed to the mortuary, and Miss Hobbinder was closely questioned by the police. She sat erect, calm, answering unhesitatingly everything asked her. The inquest was held in Douth Village Hall, and resulted in a verdict of "Death by misadventure." The jury added a rider expressing sympathy with Miss Hobbinder and the deceased's parents. Brian was buried in Douth churchyard, and Miss Hobbinder sat alone in the gloomy little cottage, meditating. Was she safe? It would be tiresome to have to move again. Luckily, there were no more nephews to arrive from Australia and discover her secret; but she felt strangely uneasy, although Brian was dead and buried. The garden gate clicked. Those tiresome police again! She waited, her hands holding the top of the spade thrust crookedly into the reeking soil. . . .

The following evening Mrs. Prosser, entertaining Mr. Burt and his wife to supper, held forth on the new sensation convulsing Douth.

"Miss Hobbinder wasn't Miss Hobbinder at all, nor that poor young man's aunt neither. It seems she and the real Miss Hobbinder lived together for years, and when Miss Hobbinder was killed by them Huns in London, this person started pretending to be her. She was very well-off, and the other woman forged her name and got her money, and nobody suspected. The nephew 'd never seen either, but his aunt had a photograph of the two of 'em, and he found a copy in the house and saw his aunt wasn't the lady who called herself Miss Hobbinder. She guessed he suspected, and she put some sleeping-stuff into his coffee, and when he was sound she turned on that gas-fire. It 's a good thing she couldn't know he 'd written it all and sent the photograph to a pal of his that night. What did you say, Mrs. Burt? Why didn't the pal tell this to the coroner and jury at the inquest? He 'd had a smash flying that afternoon, and got concussion, and couldn't even open the letter for a week; but he went straight to the police directly he was on his legs again, and that woman 's safe under lock and key." [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

Until then . . . When foes are flowers and the staff work is done behind garden walls, horticultural shows will have returned with the victory that has been won, and there will be new Ford cars as gay and fresh as the blooms on the stalls. Until then, dig for that victory. Every spadeful digs in our heels against the blockade of the enemy. Cabbages are Kings in this vital game of chess . . . . . . a bunch of carrots a bouquet . . . . . . and potatoes the root of the problem. Let the other name for a rose be an onion . . . and grow sweeter peas in pods. Give your flower beds beans and pluck lettuce from your lawn. For the only garden to be proud of these days is a vegetable garden.

Dig for Victory

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

WOMEN IN WARTIME

SUMMER FROCKS
JUMPER SUITS
SIMPLE PYJAMAS

AMONG the new notes struck by Simpsons, Piccadilly, in the fashion world are the apron dresses carried out in white linen accompanied by a coloured blouse. One is illustrated above. There is an infinite variety of slacks and divided skirts, one-piece summer frocks being well represented. A further innovation is that men, as well as women, may have their suits treated by the de-shining process, which removes the shine from worn garments and restores the nap to its original thickness; the cost is moderate. Another innovation is the opening of a branch of the Western Union Cable Company. Again, there are special foot treatments, and there are facilities for baths. Flowers may be sent to friends abroad.

NO longer is it possible to postpone buying summer frocks. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are making a feature of them in the tea-gown department. Among their manifold advantages is that they do not become easily crushed, and pressing has no injurious effect on them. Standing out with prominence is the dress pictured on the right. It is expressed in white spotted crêpe with wide spotted stripes. It is obtainable in several sizes and colours. Here also are to be seen breakfast gowns which are robbed of all complicated fastenings, and which have, in many instances, peasant belts.

NOWADAYS it is essential that women spend their coupons as carefully as they do their money; quality is of great importance. No one has ever contested the fact that Celanese has no rivals. It washes and wears exceedingly well, and is to be obtained by the yard, or made up, at outfitters and shops of prestige. Neither must it be overlooked that Celanese has passed the censorship of the Board of Trade, and garments made of it conform to the regulations laid down by that Board, and are robbed of all extraneous decoration. It is Celanese satin that has been used for the pyjamas seen above. They are arranged with square necks and are of the tunic character; it seems almost unnecessary to say that there are many variations on this theme, all of which are easily laundered.

Change the Heat with the changing seasons

FERRANTI
Radiant Electric FIRE

ELECTRIC fires are, of course, designed primarily for winter use, but they are ideal for occasional warmth in spring and summer—particularly in the cool of the evening. The two-bar Ferranti Fires are designed to provide a choice of "heats" by switching on one or both "elements." But you can vary the heat of a single-bar fire by having a "spare" element of lower capacity.

If your FERRANTI Fire is not giving maximum efficiency, or if you have an old fire which has been discarded, you will probably find that some minor replacement will bring it into active service again. Our expert advice is always available to users of FERRANTI Fires.

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

FERRANTI LTD., Moston, MANCHESTER, 10

London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2

FF282

Gorringes

Finest value in summer jersey

Suits

"SEATON"
Practical Suit of Artificial Silk Jersey in a new circle design. High button Jacket with White pique collar and cuffs Black, Navy, New Blue or Spring Green. Sizes 38 to 44.

(10 coupons) **7½ gns.**

If you wish to receive copies of
GORRINGES GAZETTE
for Summer and Sale
Please send 4d. in stamps.

Frederick Gorringe Ltd. **BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD., S.W.1** VICtoria 6666 (24 lines)

Prints for Sunny Days

(Inexpensive Gowns—First Floor)

A Charming Jumper Dress in good quality print, a variety of original designs and several fittings. **7½ Gns.**

WASHING FROCKS . . .
We have still a large selection of quality washing frocks . . .
Illustrated Catalogue Price 2½d. "County Frocks" Dept. First Floor.

Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 **WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1** *(Debenhams Ltd.)*

"I'm a sort of godmother to savings groups"

says Mrs. Venning, of
Crouch House, Rickmansworth, Herts.

"I TOOK on the organisation of War Savings Groups for the town nearly three years ago"—Mrs. Venning, busy wife of a Rickmansworth doctor, is crisp and confident in telling of her splendid work for National Savings.

"It's gone like clockwork—no squabbles, steadily mounting totals. Oh, yes, I had helpers, lots of them. At the beginning I used to supply them all with stamps and deal with the money that came in, but whenever takings grew to about £4 a week (and it's amazing how soon and how often that happened) then I got them to run their own Street Groups.

"And I must say I'm proud of those groups. There's Miss Davidson at the garage — she started with about 30s. a week, and before long she was collecting eight or nine pounds. Another collector brought her totals up from a pound or so to £8. My own weekly round brings in about £10 —ten times what it did to begin with. Encouraging, isn't it?

"Clockwork, I said—I really think that's the secret of success. I make my calls the same morning each week, the same hour each morning. People look for me, notice if I'm even five minutes late. At half the doors I go to, I walk right in and find the books and the money ready. I lick the stamps, stick them in the book, and put it back in its special place, under the tablecloth or behind the wireless. Of course, you have to be known to be able to do this—that's why I make a point of making friends with all my 'clients.' And I've only missed two Monday mornings in nearly three years.

"For special drives, like War Weapons or Warship Weeks, I try to get people to double their contributions, and they always do their best. But it's the *regular* savings that count — and I'm proud to feel that we're 'regulars' here in Rickmansworth."

* * *

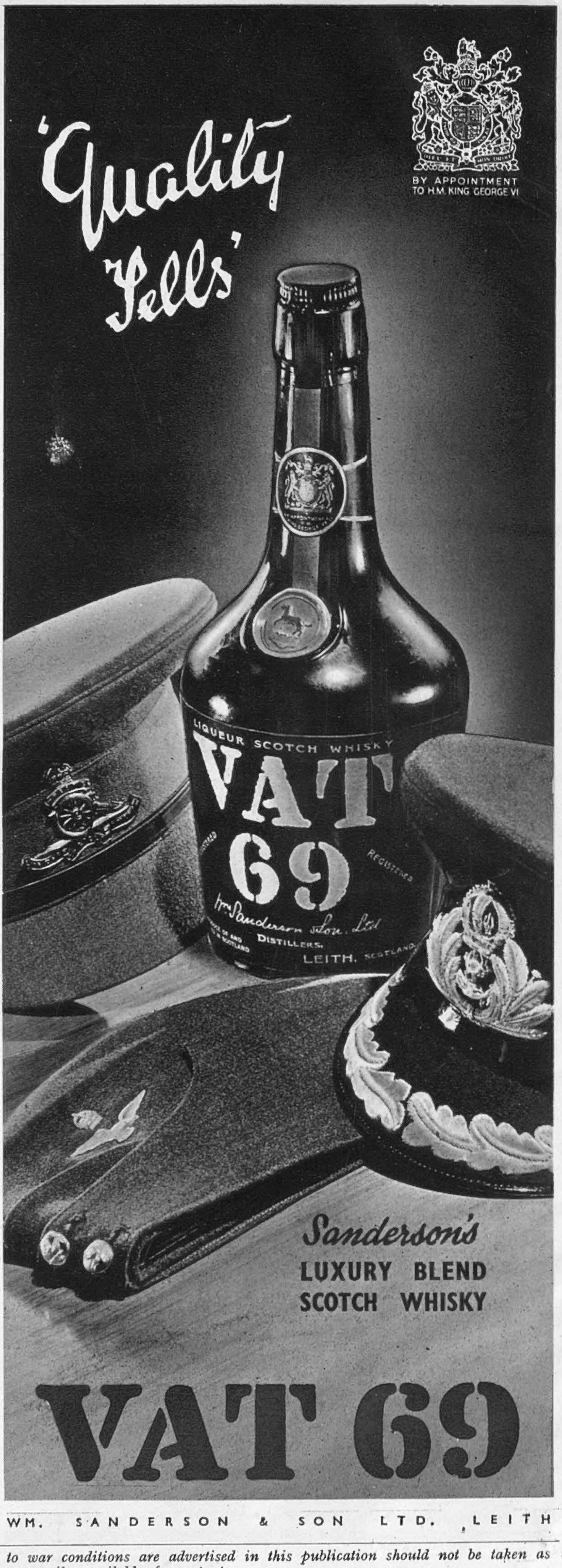
TO GROUP SECRETARIES

Give us your Savings Story—not necessarily for publication— in case it may help others. Write to Room 704, The National Savings Committee, 18, Gt. Smith Street, London, S.W.1.

Great work, Mrs. Venning!

And there's more of it to be done — why shouldn't others follow this splendid example? YOU for instance? Get in touch with your local War Savings Secretary to-day—get his name and address from the nearest Post Office

Issued by the National Savings Committee



WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., LEITH

NOTICE.—*The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.*